

# Thrill Is Gone

Bernard Fanning

Sure was a hell of a mistake I made  
But I sure am glad that I made it  
No way for a grown man to behave  
More the act of a teen opportunist

I stand accused of losing my head

We sit so high on the city walls  
Our tears wash clean the cobblestones  
It's not so much that the thrill is gone  
Just a cleaner, sweeter, brighter thrill has come along

I can sense trouble just around the bend  
And it's all been my kind of making  
I can't carry on with all this pretence  
When it's clear that my love has been fading

I stand accused of the things I said

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Our tears wash clean the cobblestones  
It's not so much that the thrill is gone  
Just a cleaner, sweeter, brighter thrill has come along